Lorenz Krumland '31 Class

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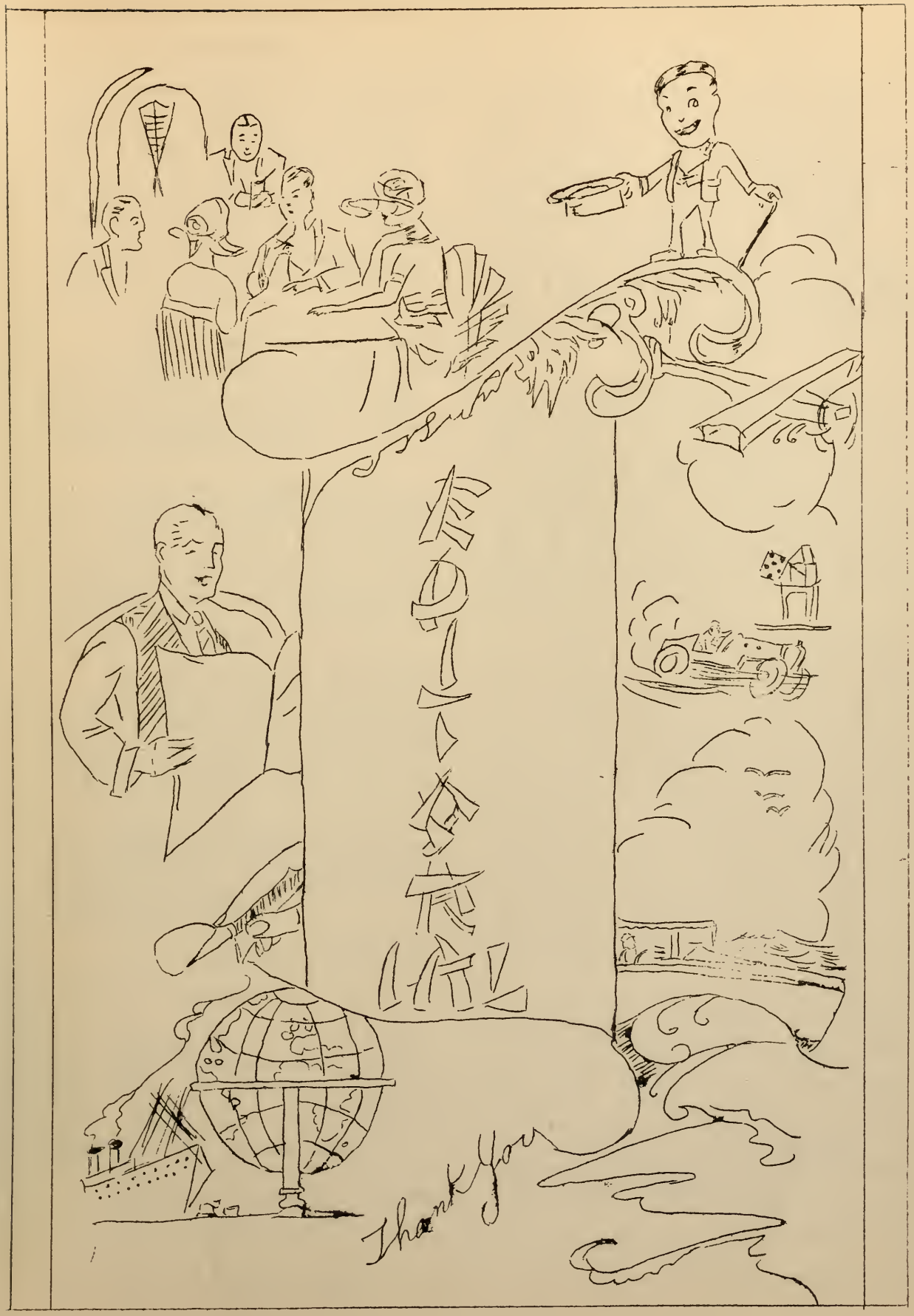
Thank you

COOPERATION

Cooperation is the most essential and important thing in business. Just consider what would happen if the employees of a concern would fail to cooperate with their employer. The factory would fail, of course, and if all manufactures in the world would fail to function, the work of the universe would cease to continue.

In order that we be successful in later life, we must learn to cooperate in school. It is when we are young that we must require habits that will aid us in the business world.

I believe cooperation is one of the most important habits that one can form. As I mentioned before, in order to be successful we must strive to pull together, and work with our associates or for our employer, if we are in business.

In speaking of cooperation, I might mention that that is what the Commercial Club and the Staff of the Hustler have resolved to do this New Year and the years to follow.

We aim to make the Commercial Hustler a bigger and better paper and show the public that we are a lively, worthwhile, and successful club!

Lucille Trembley

JANUARY

January the dawn of the new year, appropriately named for Janus, the greek god of the dawn, who had two heads in order that he might see the fading night and the coming dawn.

The first month of the year reveals to us the intermingling and blend of the old into the new, and the relation they bear each other. It awakens in us a new urge to do greater and better things. The old year lies behind us fading in our memory like a lingering dream in the morning. Yet the memory is still vivid enough to save us from the same errors. It leaves us a sickness of experience of an untold value.

The Commercial Club sees before it great possibilities in the new year. With greater zeal and more effort we endeavor to do our work, striving to attain a greater degree of efficiency and accuracy. In our past semester we laid a firm foundation of the fundamentals for commercial work. We are now ready to progress and to achieve.

Ere long our typing classes will begin training for the typing contests. As a true farmer's heart thrills as he plunges the plow share into the virgin sod, knowing the harvest he will reap, so our heart thrills at the clicking keys, knowing the harvest we will reap as a reward for our efforts. Be not surprised fellow students, if Liberty flaunts a number of trophies this year. The Commercial Club knows how to work and cooperate, and as a crowning glory we have a marvelous instructor.

The new year lies before us like the first page in a new ledger, ready for us to make our impressions therein. What we will have to look back upon next New Year depends chiefly upon us. Whether we will be sorry or satisfied is from our own making. Let us have no regrets for wasted time for the coming year.

Della Crocco

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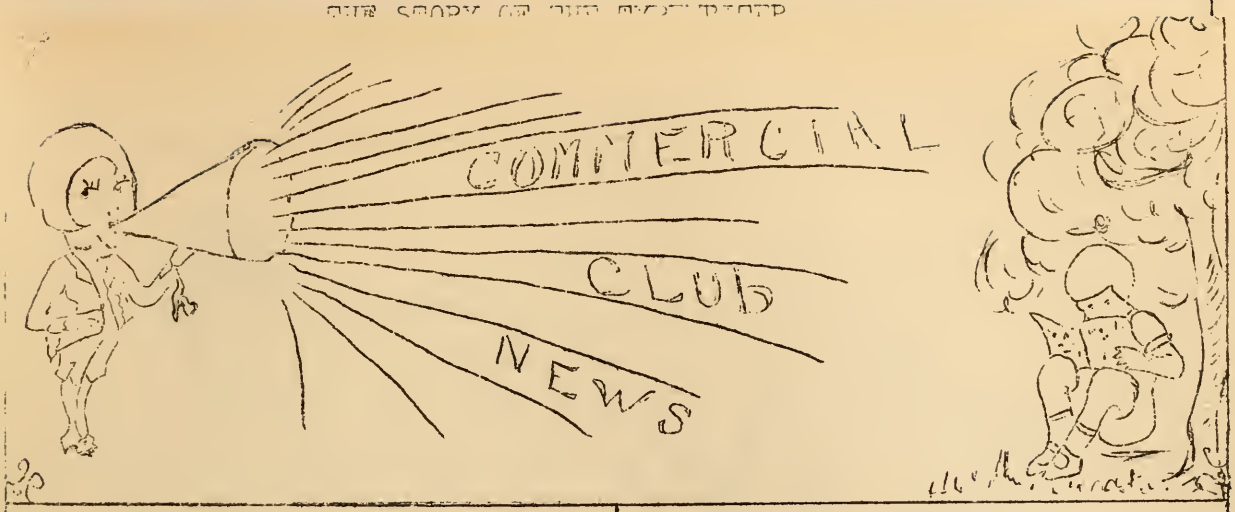


EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

COMMERCIAL CLUB VISITS THE MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

The Commercial Club took its first educational trip to San Francisco last Saturday, February 1st.

Our biggest event of the day was meeting Mayor James Rolph, Jr., at the City Hall. We were most courteously welcomed by his Honor, and had the privilege of being conducted by his traffic officers to the outstanding points of interest in the city.

We certainly had a most wonderful time, and we wish to thank the Mayor and his assistants for their most genial hospitality, and our Advisor, Miss Mane, for giving us the opportunity to meet the Mayor of San Francisco.

The Commercial Club has started out the New Year with a whoop and a bang!

To start things off right, we sponsored a show at the Legion Hall the sixteenth of January.

We have started rehearsing our play "The Girl from Weepah" which we are putting on for Parent's Night. We think it very good and what with all our excellent talent it will be something you will not want to miss.

We are also preparing for our extravaganza which we are going to give the early part of April. This extravaganza is being given to raise money for our second trip. It is going to be something unusual and different in the way of entertainment, and we know everybody will enjoy it.

But we not only practice for plays, we work also. Each day we are found busily tapping away at the keys of our typewriters, for soon, very soon, the typing contest is coming and we have to get in a lot of good practice. We are striving not only for speed but for accuracy; for what good is speed in the business world if one is not accurate? Prizes are of no value, unless they are a recommendation for work. We have heard of a girl who made 82 words a minute and 15 errors. By the time she corrected the 15 errors, her speed was less than 35 words a minute. She is welcome to the gold medal for it is worth as much as a cardboard one.

PERFECTION FOR US AND SUCCESS WE ARE AIMING FOR IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS--THE PRIZE WE ARE STRIVING FOR IS ONE OF LASTING VALUE--THE PRIZE OF BEING CONSTANTLY EFFICIENT.

BUSINESS
SPECULATION
BUSINESS NEWS

THE STORY OF THE TYPEWRITER
from
Herkimer County Historical Society

The typewriter has made itself such an essential factor in modern life, it has become so necessary to all human activities, that the present-day world could hardly be conceived without it. It is hard to name any other article of commerce which has played a more commanding role in the shaping of human destiny. It has freed the world from pen slavery and, in doing so, it has saved a volume of time and labor which is simply incalculable. Its time-saving service has facilitated and rendered possible the enormous growth of modern business. The idea which it embodied has directly inspired many subsequent inventions in the same field, all of which have helped to lighten the burden of the world's numberless tasks. In its broad influence on human society, the typewriter has been equally revolutionary, for it was the writing machine which first opened to women the doors of business life. It has radically changed our modern system of education in many of its most important phases. It has helped to knit the whole world closer together. Its influence has been felt in the shaping of language and even of human thought.

When we talk of labor saving we usually think in terms of manual labor. But when the typewriter freed the executive from pen slavery it did more than save mere hand labor. It saved and conserved the very highest quality of brain labor. True, the busy man of affairs works as hard today as he ever did, but the typewriter has made his labor more productive. It has relieved him of the old pen drudgery, so that the greater part of his time may now be devoted to creative tasks.

Who is responsible for this modern aid to business? The first American patent on a typewriter was granted in 1829 to William Austin Burt of Detroit.

The rest of the story reads like a drama.
The time--The winter of the year 1866-67.
The place--A little machine shop in the outskirts of the city of Milwaukee.
The scene--Three men, all middle aged, thoughtful and studious, each one hard at work on a pet invention of his own, without a thought in mind of any one of them of the great achievement which was destined to come out of this chance association.

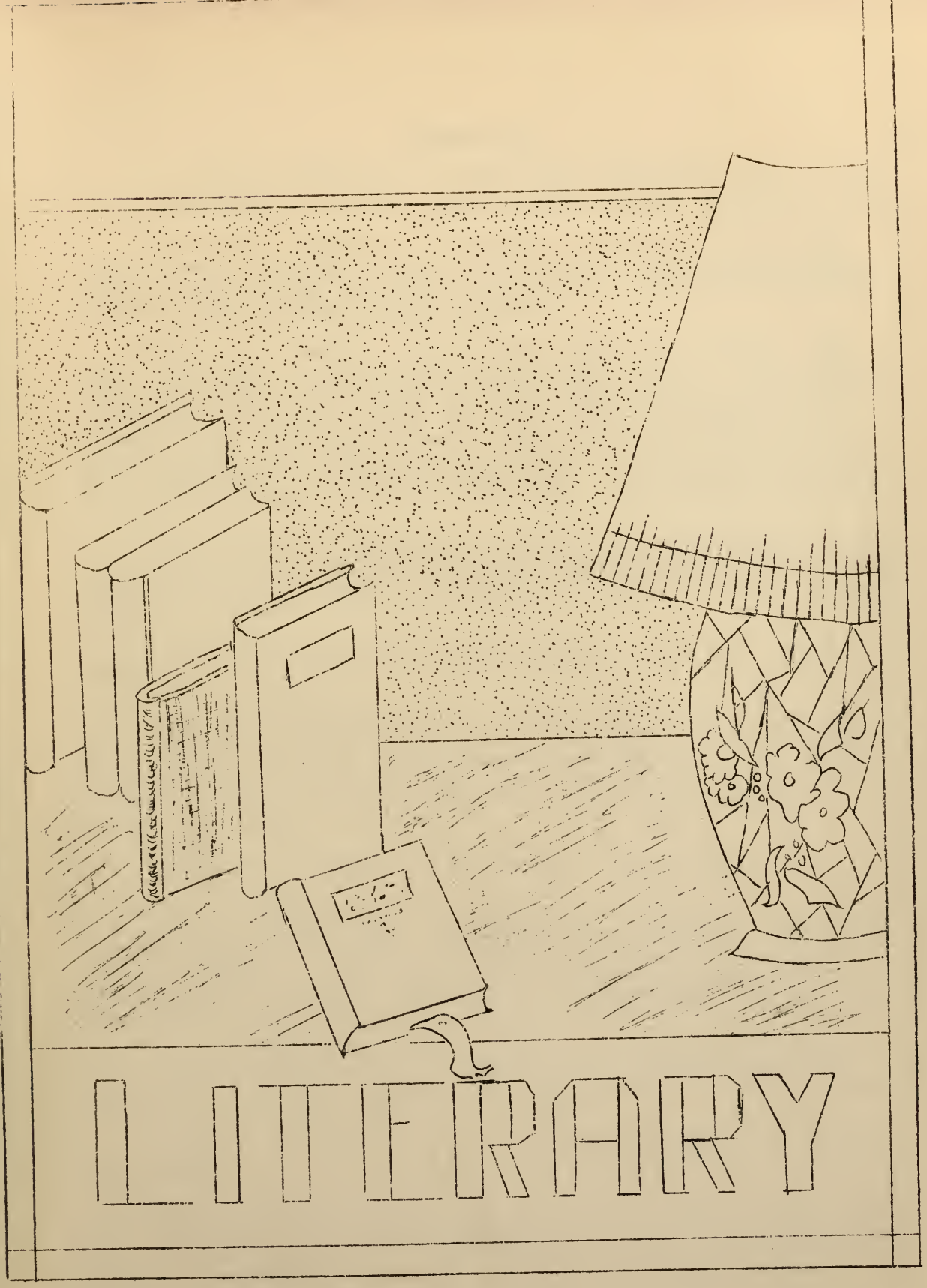
Thus the stage set for the invention of the first practical typewriter, though nearly seven years were yet to elapse before it's actual production began in the little town of Ilion, New York.

One of these three men, Carlos Glidden, the son of a successful ironmonger of Ohio, was engaged in developing a mechanical "Spader" to take the place of a plow.

The other two, Samuel W. Soule and Christopher Latham Sholes, both printers by trade, were engaged in developing a machine for numbering serially the pages of blank books and the like.

Of these men, the central figure in the association subsequently formed was Christopher Latham Sholes, a name which must always occupy the place of highest honor in any history of the writing machine.

Next month we shall give the life and invention of Christopher Latham Sholes.


LITERARY

(Concluded)

Now let us change to an altogether different scene. This is taking place on the day before Christmas Eve ten years later.

In a sport roadster, a Packard, I believe it to be, sat a young man chatting merrily to the golden haired girl beside him. It was Sunday and they were going to the latter's estate to play tennis on her private courts.

"Jimmy, you used to talk so much about your mother. Why don't you now? I'd just love to hear about her." The shinny head turned toward him, and the deep blue eyes sparkled with happiness. When she turned her head she saw him wrench as though under considerable pain. "Oh, Jimmy how stupid of me? I forgot what you told me the other day. Please forgive me." She patted his arm trying to sooth him. "Did you know Clarice is to be married?"

"No, to whom?" The sight of her golden head when he turned to look down at her made him clench his teeth. "Eppies hair must have been the color of yours huh, mother?" flashed through his stricken mind.

"Oh, I think his name is Mr. Blunder. They say he has 'oodles' of money."

"Yes, but remember, Lilane, money doesn't always bring happiness, nor does it always bring loved ones near you." He tried hard to keep the bitterness out of his voice, but Lilane caught it just the same. "Ho, don't take it that way dear." he half pleaded for he had heard the little gasp that had escaped her lips.

"Silly boy, I know what you mean." She soothed.

In bed that night he lay thinking over the past. Ten years ago he was a farmer's son. Today with the help of a kindly old man, he was now one of the financial magnets of the world, but he was not happy. "Where is mother?" ran through his mind often during the night. He would go tomorrow and find her and bring her back to live in happiness.

The next morning he telephoned Lilane and asked her to come to the office. When she arrived, he told her of his plan and asked her to take care of his office.

Though it was December, the fog had risen now, and the day was sunshiny.

The vine-covered cottage on the hill was dark save for the lamp which shed its light through the window. On the threshold the beautiful figure of a woman taking her last look down the highway. Suddenly, a flash of a pair of headlights almost blinded her, as the car rolled into the yard. The hum of the motor ceased and a door was slammed shut.

Her heart skipped a beat or two, for the light shed from the lamp in the window showed the shape of a man.

"Mother!" was the only word the man could force through his lips.

"My son!" She took a step toward him, but he had already reached her. Clasping her in his arms he stroked her long golden hair which shimmered in the lamp light.

THE END

Lillian Larsen

WORK

Let me but do my work from day
to day,
In field or forest, at the desk
or loom,
In roaring market-place or tran-
quil room;
Let me but find it in my heart
to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me
to astray,
"This is my work; my blessing,
not my doom;
"Of all who live, I am the one
by whom
"This work can best be done in
the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great,
nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my
powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the
laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long
shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love the
rest,
Because I know for me my work is
best.

--Henry Van Dyke

Higher Education

"You are fond of using big words, Julius," said a gentleman to his negro servant.

"Yes, suh," answered Julius. "A friend of mine once saved his life by using a long word."

"How was that?"

"He called me a prevaricatah and if he'd called me a liah I'd have gone after him at once, but by the time I had turned up the old dictionary to see what a prevaricatah was, he was ten blocks away."

******

"You don't look well."

"No, I have just been unconscious for eight hours."

"Goodness what was wrong?"

"Nothing, I was asleep."

******

Grocer: "Son, I've had this car ten years and never had a wreck."

Son: "You mean you've had this wreck ten years and never a car."

******

"Didn't I see you out with a dark horse last night?"

"I'll say; she was a nightmare."

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Prospect: "I'll tell you, brother, this is the first cemetary I ever saw with lights."

Real Estate Agent (indignantly): "Why, this is where I live."

******

Tramp: Yes, mum, it was awful. I heard the chug-chug of the engine and smelt the petrol. I leaped aside, but was too late. The machine went over me.

Lady (giving him a quarter): And did the motor seriously injure you?

Tramp: Motor, ma'am? It was an airplane.

***

"How can you tell how old a chicken is?"

"By the teeth."

"Why, you poor prune, a chicken has no teeth."

"No, but I have."

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Daughter: "Mother, do you want me to put the parrot on the back porch?"

Mother: "Positively no! Your father is repairing the car in the back yard."

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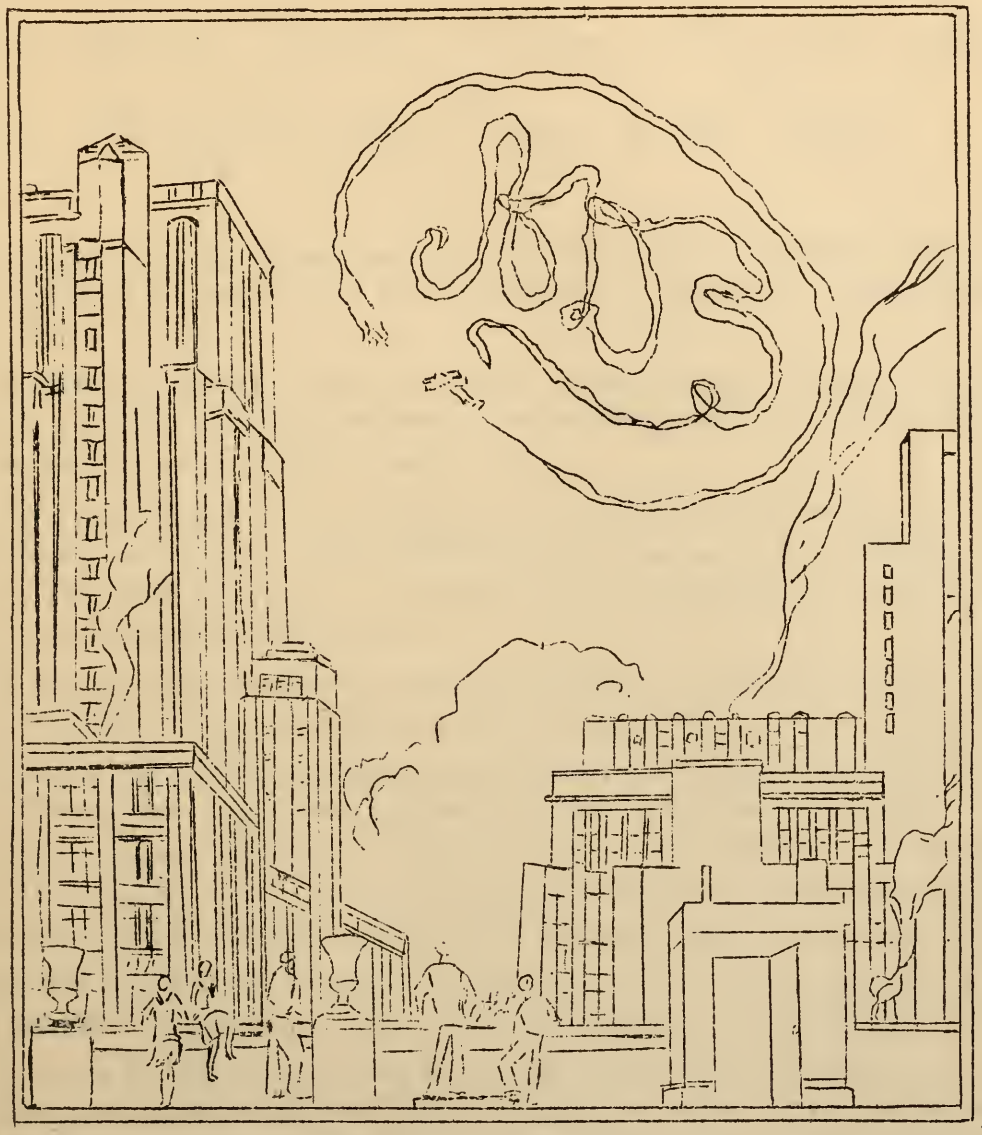
The Worth of Advertising



The Staff's Ambitions are launched in the Hustler for the Benefit of OUR Advertisers and OUR Patronizers.

Art Editor

H. P. GARIN CO.

Something Being Grown – Packed and Shipped Every Day in the Year

The desire for fresh fruits and vegetables every day in the year may have existed in the boyhood hearts of our grandfathers. But the fulfillment of the desire is a development of this generation.

Long-distance marketing, in great volume, of perishables grown far from the points of consumption has not had as many birthdays as the successful motor car. It is much younger than the carbon filament in Edison's electric lamp.

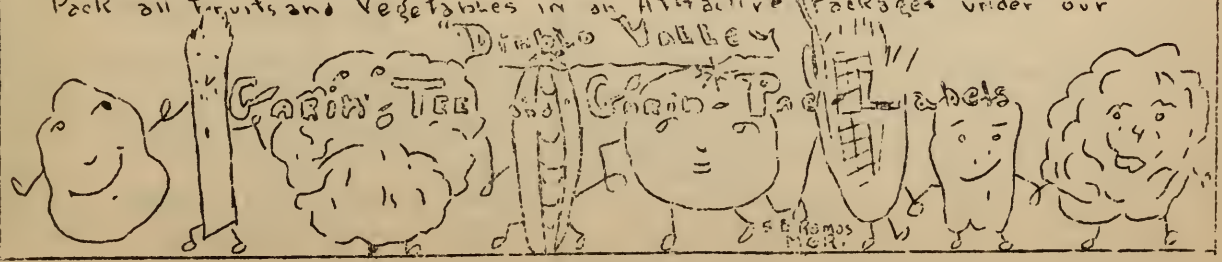
Not many people appreciate the rapidity of this development or realize how much must be accomplished in the next few years to keep pace with the record of the past ten. New days with new problems require new measures, and never was this more true than in the fresh fruit and vegetable industry today.

Large scale production has become a scientific profession in field as well as factory. Large scale buying of perishables is directed by men of unusual ability. And volume selling wears the four stars of the well-trained general who knows past victories are only history now and that the future demands more money, more man-power and better organization.

No longer can the individual grower compete alone for market preference. There must be weight and strength, volume and regularity behind his offers. He must affiliate with other growers and sales specialists. He must recognize the bargaining power of large tonnage. Great markets are not to be served with a few bushels or a few cars. Large buyers demand steady supplies of fresh foods in large quantities at all seasons – products grown with care, honestly packed and graded, and drawn from all the best districts in the land.

The bargaining power of the great Garin tonnage is already recognized in the markets of the world. Here is strength for growers who value strong connections. Here is a forward-looking organization that is working effectively in the present and building soundly for the future.

All our Packing Houses are now improved and fully equipped with Electric Conveyors and all modern machinery which enables us to carefully grade and Pack all Fruits and Vegetables in an Attractive Packages under our



Pay & Take
The
Quality Grocer
Brentwood Prop. J & O

Diablo Cafe
Come in for lunch;
we have a hunch that
You
will call again.
Brentwood H. Gauger Prop

Come To U S
Duff's Cash Store
Hardware Groceries
The Best of Best
Knightsen W. Duff Prop

R. Hamilton
Garage & Machine Shop
Red Crown
Come To me for
Your repairs
Knightsen R. Hamilton Prop

O K
GARAGE
for
Repairs and Quality Cars
Durant - Hudson
Essex
Brentwood R.C. Griffith Prop

H. C. Krumland
United here is high class cheer
In food that's clean and sound
Hardware Dry Goods
Groceries
Kryon H. C. Krumland Prop

Knightsen Club
Fresh Bread Delivered Daily
Soft Drinks Ice Cream
We aim to satisfy

The Valet
Cleaning & Pressing
Exclusive Laundry Agents
Orders taken for Suits
We Call and Deliver
Brentwood Prop. Lindorf & Wallum

Shoe Service Shop

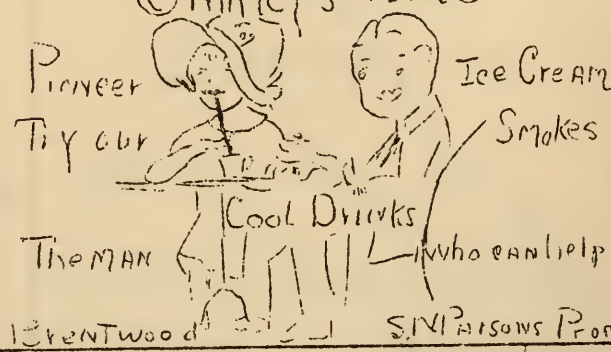
Dr. Scholl's Appliances
Laces Polishes
Repairs
F Busby

Brentwood California

Brentwood News

Brentwood Sam Hill, Proprietor

Stanley's Place

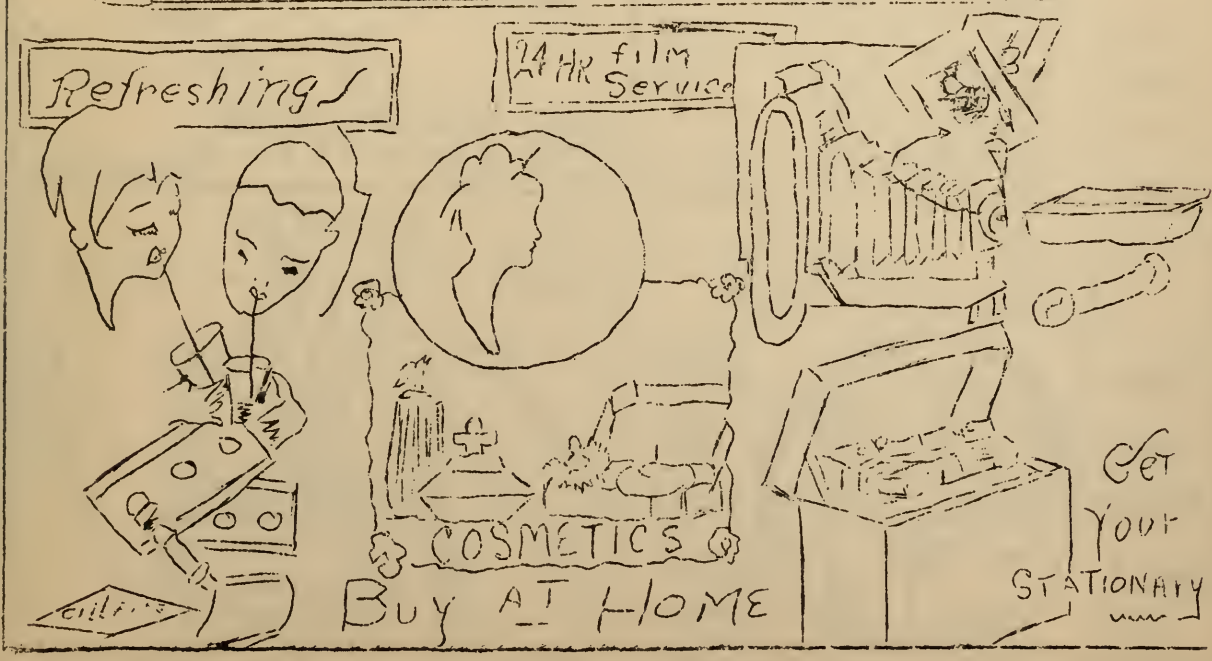


Brentwood S.N. Parsons Prop.

Brentwood Pharmacy

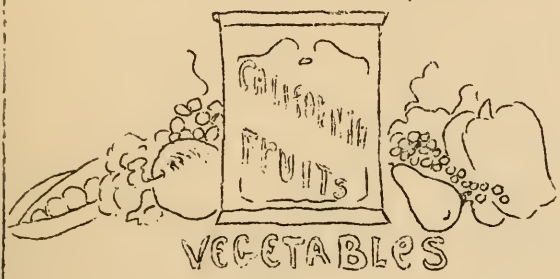
The Rexall Store

DRUGGIST



Buy At Home

Balfour Guthrie & Co.
Brentwood, Calif.



VEGETABLES

Growers - Shippers - Distributors

Main Office: San Francisco.

"Golden Diablo Valley"

Brentwood Bakery

Big, Rich Loaves of Bread, baked to a delicious brown every day.
All Kinds of Pastry a Specialty
Try some of OUR Pastry
You will be delightfully suprised

Patronize Diablo Valley People

Brentwood — Winsley Bros. Prop.

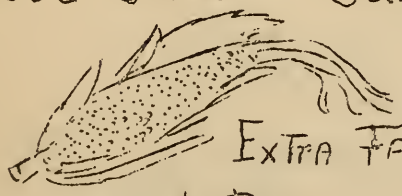
OTTO'S Barbershop

1st Class Barber Work

Located in Bakery Building

Brentwood — Otto Smith Prop.

Seed Corn for Sale



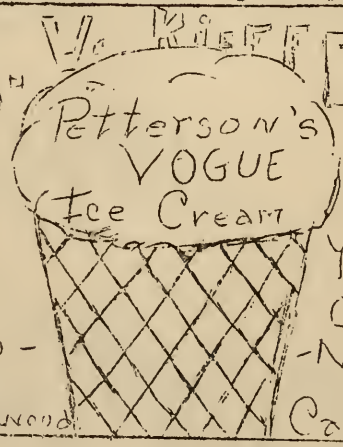
Extra Fancy

"Golden Bantam" & Early Alemeda Dwarf

See me at once

A.S. Gilhart — Brentwood

A Visit



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Real Food Just like Mother cooked at home

Come in

Brentwood — Mrs. E.H. Lawerance

W. W. MORGANS

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which you can not duplicate Else-where.

OAKLEY HOTEL

MEALS that delight and MODERN ROOMS

OAKEY, California

Mrs. O. Stafford - Prop.